Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Beawtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beawtie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ſtorme
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you ſo
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An illbeſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maſter here or you? go too.
Youle not endure him, god ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You wil ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Thē haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd: